

A Chance for a Hero

By GEORGE W. ROSE.

MISS DOROTHY COURTNEY is a daughter of the Revolution.

In the same sense she is a daughter of all the wars of English speaking peoples since the crusades. Her ancestors spent so much time fighting that one naturally wonders how they came to be ancestors at all.

A courage absolute is what Dorothy most admires, and until lately she has thought her cousin Harold (several times removed) possessed it.

At present she doubts whether any man (except the few Courtneys who haven't been killed off) is really brave under all circumstances.

Miss Dorothy and her aunt were at a summer resort when Harold showed the white feather and allowed her to be saved from a swarm of angry bees by a stranger.

Harold vanished, and the new young man, a Mr. Kempton, was installed as hero. He was a reserved young man, and did not find it necessary to inform her that there are some men whom bees will not sting.

Now comes the sad tale of Mr. Kempton's tumble from his pedestal. He followed Miss Dorothy and her aunt to Frankfort, and foolishly allowed himself to go out in a catboat. He might have had a telegram from home, or even a vulgar cramp in the stomach, but, misled by a clear sky and an Ananias of a boatman, he went like a lamb to the slaughter.

A mile from shore a wind struck them savagely. It slatted the sail, cuffed the poor little Siren, and jerked the sheet from Kempton's hand. The sail swung out over the bows. Kempton threw himself on the tiller; the lower fastening of the rudder broke and the boat was helpless. It swung side on to the waves and wallowed. A larger wave struck it amidships and dumped half a barrel of water into it.

Kempton lost what nerve he had. "We shall be drowned! There is no



THEY WERE WALKING ONE DAY AND SPOKE OF THE REVOLUTION.

hope!" he cried, white to the lips and threw himself into the bottom of the boat.

Seasickness, combined with the fear of death, brought him to the lowest pitch.

Miss Dorothy, sitting erect in the stern sheets, looked out over the tossing waves somberly. Presently she saw far ahead a most singular sight. A crazy little canoe was dancing toward her at a rapid rate. It seemed to be sliding sideways from the waves. It had less of stability than a thistle-down, and it was empty. But beside it, apparently riding on air, was a man.

As the Siren swung to the top of a wave Dorothy could see plainer. The man was balanced on a board far out to windward from the canoe. He had furled mizzen sail and jib, but had not shortened his mainsail, and he was fairly flying toward the catboat. An instant later he was aboard and had made his painter fast.

He caught the long oar from the bottom of the boat, looped it to the firm portion of the rudder, and with two tremendous strokes swung the Siren's head up to the wind.

He was a well tanned, busy young man who did not require instructions. "Is he dead?" he asked, nodding toward Kempton.

Miss Dorothy smiled sadly, for an image was broken.

"No," she answered; "he is—sea-sick."

"Get up and take this oar," the stranger said. "Keep its head up."

Kempton did not move, but Dorothy came to the young man. "I think I can," she said. "Show me how."

He looked at her with frank admiration. "You are the kind of a girl I like," he said.

This was abrupt for Miss Dorothy, but I think she liked it. However, he did not stop to inquire, but clambered forward and caught the sheet.

In another moment the poor, mis-handled Siren, from being a helpless log, became a staunch boat, gallantly fighting the waves, and the captain of the life-saving station, a mile away, was calling down from the watcher's stand:

"You needn't go, Jack! There's one fool canoe man that knows something!"

"Grand Travers bay is a jolly place for a canoe man," young Mr. Hathaway said a few days later. "I intended to come here, anyway, but I am grateful that you allowed me to come while you are here."

"It is pleasant to have you here," Miss Dorothy answered, frankly. "And then you saved my life, you know."

She liked the well tanned young man, and she had faith in his courage—his splendid bravery, as she called it. The people of Traverse City saw a

good deal of this young couple, and a pleasant sight it was; she, with her clear-cut face, blond hair and dainty summer costume; he, dark and alert, in a blue yachting suit.

The finest setting for these two jewels was the blue waters of the bay, with the purple hills beyond. You should have seen them in the canoe skimming the waves. She among the cushions, deep in dreams, while he, carelessly watchful of wind and weather, pictured to himself a future with her.

But Nemesis, riding hard, was close behind Mr. Hathaway.

They were walking one day and spoke of the revolution. "My grandfather's mother stood on a balcony in Philadelphia when the American troops entered," he said. "She waved a welcome to them."

"The old Continentals in their ragged regimentals," Dorothy quoted. "My grandfather's father was one of them."

"Perhaps she waved to him," the young man said. "Suppose they had met and loved and married. You and I would have been brother and sister."

"This statement was open to criticism, but the subject seemed to lead up to something the little lady was not ready for, and she suddenly discovered that she wanted to drive. Mr. Hathaway started to get a carriage. Something in his manner impelled her to ask if he could drive. He confessed that he could not.

"To tell the truth, I know less about driving than a cow knows about sitting up a spinnaker," he said. "I don't even know what they call the port side of a horse! I will take a driver."

With a slightly heightened color Miss Dorothy explained, that she could drive and defeated a driver at summer resorts.

But when they were seated in the "run about" she relented and gave him the reins, saying: "I will teach you to drive, as you taught me to sail."

Half a mile brought them to a turn in the road, the horse trotting sedately. Mr. Hathaway was nervous.

"We'll have to come about there," he said. "How do you do it?"

She showed him, and, bracing his feet as they came to the turn, he said:

"Let go the weather sheet!" and dropped one rein. "Haul in the lee sheet!"

"No, no," she cried. "Don't pull with both hands!"

"What shall I make this line fast to?" He hauled it taut and gave it a couple of half hitches around his foot. The horse stopped, looking around reproachfully.

"She's in stays!" Mr. Hathaway cried. "She'll never make it. Throw her head over to port!"

Miss Dorothy took the reins and started the horse. Mr. Hathaway drew a long breath. "That was a good maneuver," he said, looking back at the turn. "But I would feel better if we had an anchor aboard."

He was not a good pupil. He pulled the reins as he would haywards, and after learning the use of the whip kept it going on the smallest provocation. Half an hour gave Dorothy enough of it, and three-quarters gave the horse too much. Nearing home he dropped his head, burst the check rein, and ran furiously.

Hathaway threw his whole weight on the reins and they snapped.

The horse had some speed, and, with ears laid back and long head stretched well out, ran at a great clip. The runaway swayed from side to side dangerously. Dorothy, looking coldly at Hathaway, saw that he was badly frightened.

"She'll go ashore in a minute," he gasped. "We'll be ground to powder," and he began crawling over the back of the seat.

"I'll drop over the stern and help you," he cried.

She heard his feet on the road, and then knew he had let go of the runaway. Then the horse turned down a narrow lane, and Dorothy closed her eyes.

Suddenly a man sprang over a fence and threw himself recklessly at the horse's head. Dorothy saw a strong hand on the bit, a red face, large flashing black eyes, and a body that was high in the air at one moment and the next under the horse's feet. Then the race ended and she was lifted from the runaway and hurried into a hospitable house.

The canoe man vanished, but the hero of the runaway called on Dorothy that evening. He was a fresh-faced young man, who blushed when she gave him her hands.

"Your action was noble!" she cried. "It was magnificent."

"I'm the head hostler at Smack's," he explained, proudly. "I can stop horses dead easy."

She looked at him curiously.

"Are you never afraid?" she asked. "Oh, Lord, yes," he answered. "I'm scared to death of a dog!"—Chicago Tribune.

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